

The Address.

YE Men of Might, and Muckle Power,
Our Representing K———^s;
Who High-Church Zealots to restore,
And Toleration Acts devour,
Would make us all your Slaves.

You lately told her Majesty,
You would retrieve her Honour;
Tis plain you meant it to deceive,
And you'll the Nation's Faults retrieve,
By bringing new ones on her.

If you would have us think you're true,
Let actions make it known;
The Nation's Happiness perfuse,
Her old Miscarriages review,
But don't forget your own.

Tell us, ye Sons of Emptiness,
Explain this Contradiction;
How can Contention bring forth Peace,
Or how a Nation have Success,
Without the Law's protection?

You that in Lawyers so abound,
And Men of Elocution;
Your M———b, W———t, and N———fend,
See if they can your Works defend,
As well as Constitution.

You meet in Clubs, and strong Cabals,
To Controvert Elections;
But Party Interest there prevails,
Merit and Sense of Honour fails,
And meets with no protection.

With House of Peers you're wondrous Nice,
And of Reputation tender;
But they see thro' the thin disguise,
And where you're foolish, they're as wise,
And they're our true Defenders.

In Reason, Management, and Law,
They turn you round and round;
No Age such Bubbles ever saw,
The lines of Justice thwart you draw,
And all your Plot confound.

With mighty Votes, and furious Bill,
You keep a wretched pothec;
But M——— manag'd it so ill,
The Cheat came out against your Will,
And Sav'd Dissenting Brother.

The Blind'ring Orator Betray'd,
The Snake of Persecution;
The Trojan Ass so loudly Bray'd,
It made the Nation all afraid,
In spight of Elocution,

He told you Places were ingross'd,
In all the wiser Nations,
By those that worship God the most;
But we have found it to our cost,
'T has here been out of fashion.

For Rogues get into Church and State,
And wise men Circumvent;
Leudnels directs the Magistrate,
Knaves Rule the Cash, and Fools the Flow,
And both the P———t.

With Royal Faith her Majesty
Had back'd the Toleration;
And you, with English honesty,
Would have her Faith and Vows dewy,
And ruine all the Nation.

No wonder you're affain'd to Print
The Votes of your Proceeding,
The Nation soon knew what you meant,
And that there would be something in t,
That would not bear the reading.

Of William's Grants you now complain,
Without regard to Merit,
For the lewd Gifts of former Reigns
To Whores and Papists, you maintain,
And Bastards may inherit.

on Recognize wise N——m,
As one that did his Duty,
nd there are other Rogues of Fame,
o whom you ought to do the same,
Because they are so true to ye.

ut here the Mischief of it lies,
Your Character's a Scandal,
or any Knaves in Church disguise,
nd any Fool you like's as wise,
When we're to be Trap'd all.

you are the Men that once Cry'd Down
The Treaty of Partition;
er the mighty things y have done,
y have you not reduc'd the Crown
nto a worse Condition?

wou'd be glad you'd make it plain,
nd fain we would believe it,
en better Terms you'll for us gain,
how those better Terms maintain,
hat we might all perceive it.

he very day you first began
issenters to reform,
en told you 'twould be all in vain,
did its just dislike explain,
a prodigious Storm.

Heaven those Men corrects in vain,
no are for Judgments worse;
still their Vices will remain,
first the Blessing dare claim,
then despise the Curse.

the Grand Bank-Pas you make,
'd you be turn'd alone,
Heaven such proper vengeance takes
ight nor further for your sake
were welcome to go on.



Then you might all your selves undo,
And for the time to come,
Make out this riddle to be true,
How you can foreign Wars perue,
By raising Feuds at home.

When you look back on William's Reign,
And his Mistakes disclose,
Of his bad Conduct you complain,
But if you'd view it o're again,
Twou'd all your own expole.

Your want of temper to the last,
Did his Designs Defeat,
Always too slow, or else too fast,
Too Bacward, or in too much haste,
Too cold or else too hot.

We wish you would look back upon
The modern things you boast,
The great Exploits your Fleets ha' done,
The Glory gain'd, the Conquest won,
And how much all has cost.

With wonted Courage and Success
Sir R——k invaded Spain,
His wonted Conduct we confess,
And all men own the Happiness
That he's come home again.

The Lords have now thrown out your Bill,
which moves your indignation;
But you betray your want of Skill,
And manage your Revenge so ill,
You're the jest of all the Nation.

Your Ancestors, with one consent,
Complain'd of Lawless Power;
Made Laws out Bondage to prevent,
And you of those good Deeds repeat,
And all those Laws devout.

You are the first that e'se apply'd,
T' exalt the Encroaching Crown,
As if you did not kno' that Pride
When mounted up, and ask't to ride,
Wou'd pull Religion down.

Your Strange Unparallel'd Address

No less affronts the Queen,
Prompts her the lawful Power t' abuse,
Tells her she holds the Reins too loose,
And knows not how to Reign.

Did ever *House of K* —— but you,
Like this betray the Nation,
Is this our Freedom to pursue,
Pray what's Prerogative to you,
In representing Station?

Your busines is, as all men kno',
Our Grievance to redres,
Supply the Crown, Support it too,
But not to Prompt, the Lord kno's who,
The People to Oppress.

In former Times, when Tyrants Reign'd,
Your Treatments were too rough,
But if you'd have your Sense Explain'd,
You give the Queen to understand,
She's not Severe Enough.

Is this the blessed way you take
Our Freedoms to defend,
To force the Queen her Vowes to Break,
And all her soft Resolves forlack,
And abs'lute Power extend?

This Nation has had Kings enough,
That rul'd with Power Despotick,
Who of Tyrannick Arts made proof,
And us'd the Nation much too rough,
By Means and Ways Exotic.

At these you always snarl'd, and show'd
Your discontented Spirit,
And now you wou'd be understood,
Because you have a Queen too good,
You know not how to bear it.

With humble Cant, and lowly Speech,
How you besiege her Throne,
Tell her she is too mild, by *Mick*,
That she must whip the Nation's B —— b,
And make her Power be known.

Have Patience, till by Management

You bring your King from France;
'Tis plain, the scope of your intent
Is there, or else the Devil's in't,
And you're all mad by chance.

When your young Hero mounts the Throne,
You'll quickly have a proof,
He'll quickly make the difference known,
And take just care to have it shown,
He'll Tyrannize enough.

What pity 'tis you shou'd be fool'd,
And bank'd in your Petition,
They who with Scorpions will be rule'd,
And they who will be ruin'd should,
And mock'd in their submission.

If e're Tyrannick Powers possess,
And Re-reduce the Nation,
They'll bear their date from this Address,
And you'll too late your Crimes confess,
But merit no Compassion.

Now you fall foul upon the Prefs,
And talk of Regulation;
When you our Libelling suppress,
Pray Drop your Vowes among the refl.,
For they Lampoon the Nation.

You are the Monkeys of the State,
And are our true Defenders,
Heaven Guard us from the hasty Fate,
Which wise men look for from the Cleast
of all such vile Pretenders.

You are the Nation's True Lampoon,
In Banter be it spoken,
If you wou'd save us, 'Tis too soon;
And 'tis too late to be undone,
Because our Eyes are open.

And now you stand in Peer's Records,
Usurers of the Nation,
No Men regard your forfeit words,
The Nation's Eyes are on the Lords,
And There's our Expectation.

Your G——; W——, R—— shall there
 Their due Deserts Encounter,
 And in due time Vile R——
 And N—— m. may both appear
 To give a Black account there.

Assure your selves, the Nation will
 The House of Lords defend,
 You've lost your interest and your Skill,
 And never will regain it, 'till
 Your Manners come to mend.

That you betray the People's Trust;
 The Nation knows 'tis true,
 Are Arbitrary and Unjust,
 And if we will be sav'd, we must
 Find other men than You.

And now you Cavil with the Lords,
 Because they first reprov'd you ;
 Your Manners just Remarks affords,
 But most of all your Detest words,
 Have R—— s and S—— a prov'd you.

Go home, for shame; *But first the Queen*
Addreses for Dissolution,
 No more in that high House be seen,
 Where such a Scandal you ha' been,
 To the English Constitution.

F I N. I S.

London, Printed in the Year 1704.

22 JY 63